ULTIMATE COMICS™

THE ULTIMATES®

ISSUE 01

HICKMAN
RIBIC
WHITE

MARVEL

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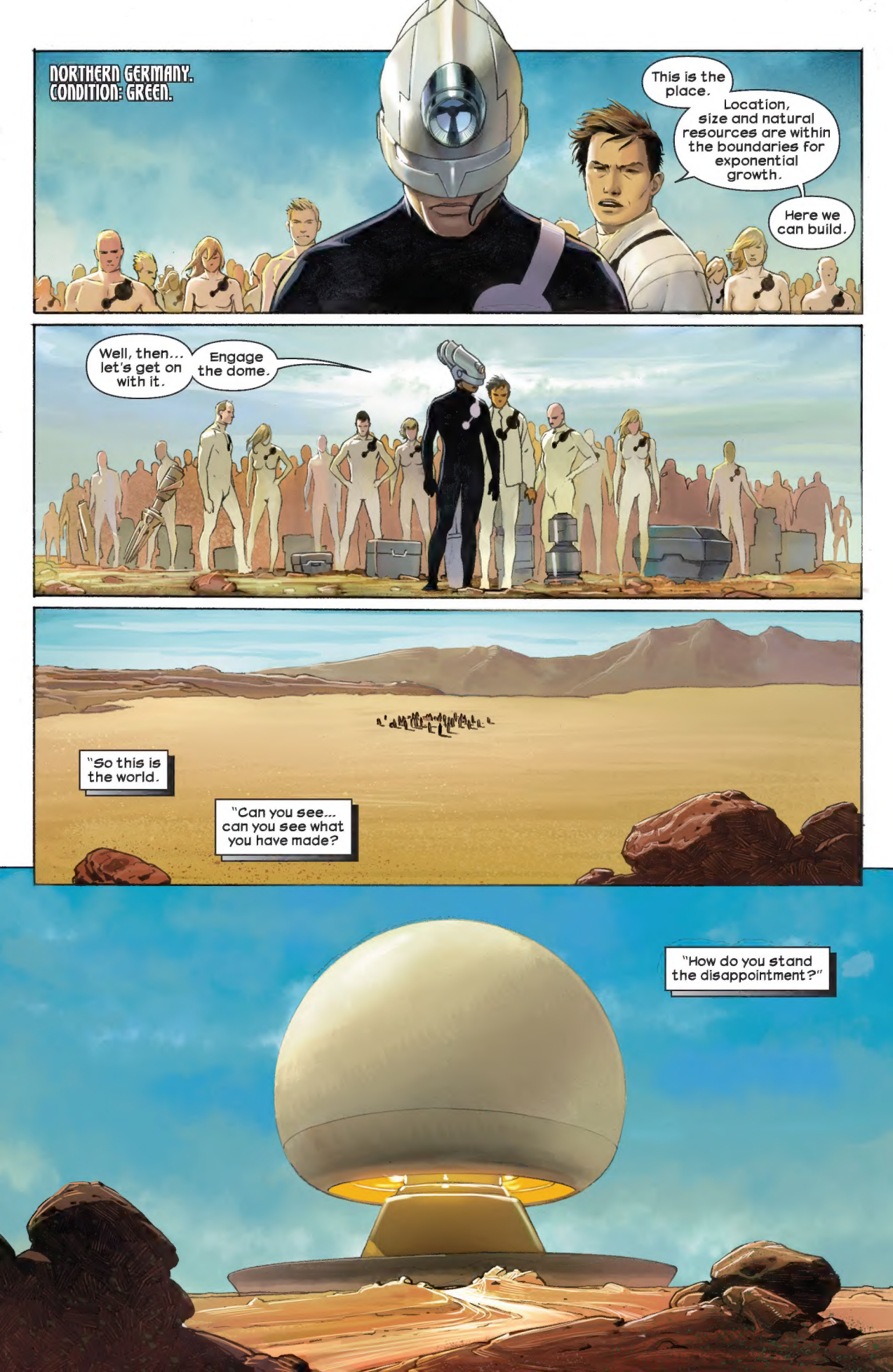

NORTHERN GERMANY.
CONDITION: GREEN.
This is the place.
Location, size and natural resources are within the boundaries for exponential growth.
Here we can build.
Well, then... let's get on with it.
Engage the dome.
"So this is the world.
"Can you see... can you see what you have made?
"How do you stand the disappointment?"

THE TRISKELION,
NEW YORK.
CONDITION: YELLOW.

Good morning, sir.

Chief.

Action list?

Today we have twenty-four active theaters listed as Condition: Yellow that we'll be keeping an eye on.

We have three listed as Orange and one listed as Red.

Do you want me to...

Just a second.

Hello, beautiful...

Let's try and be good to each other today.

-NO SIGNAL

Okay...

Give it to me.

According to reports, several of the...the...
Gods, chief. I don't like it any more than you, but they are the real deal... Asgardian Gods walking the Earth.
Yes, well, several of these Gods, uh...*pillaged* a Bärenbräu facility yesterday.
Because they were thirsty, sir.
And while it was the tamest event to date, it was also the third *'occurrence'* this week and our European allies are both confused and concerned by their behavior.
What's confusing? It's a bear that drinks beer, how could you not want to try that?
Sir.
I spoke to Thor right after it happened, he's going to talk to the family and hopefully smooth things over.
That's the problem, General. I don't think it will.
The EUSS command have activated their new *Excalibur*-class super-soldiers to address the situation.
Did they finally settle on a new Captain Britain?
Yes, they went with the previous Captain's brother, Jamie Braddock, sir.
His team left Brussels twenty minutes ago.
Fantastic. Keep both of those at Orange... let me know when they engage.

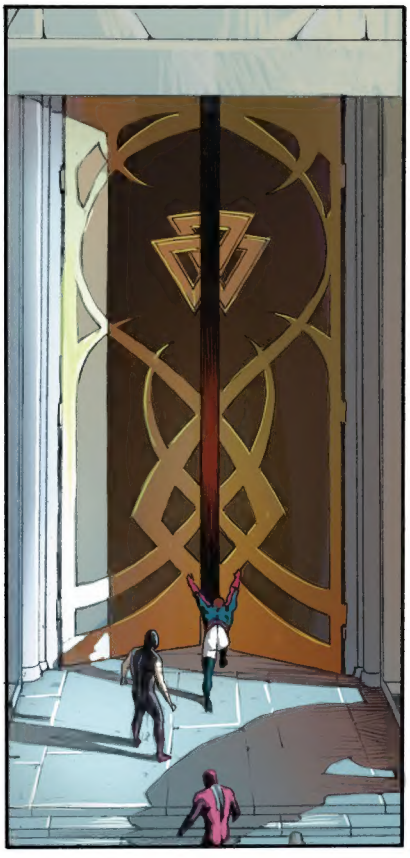
Will do.
We began getting rumblings of unrest in the Southeast Asian Republic late last evening, sir, and those early rumors appear to have been well-founded.
Bangkok is currently in flames, but the government assures us that they have the condition under control.
They have asked us to stay on alert should they require our assistance.
And where's Clint?
Hawkeye is about to touch down, sir.
Then let's hold until we get him on the line--and please make sure that happens sooner rather than later.
Okay... South America. Where are we?
Condition Red. The situation has escalated since Uruguay massed troops on their southern border--an Argentine fleet is approaching Montevideo.
We've been asked to step in by the Security Council.
And where's our assault group?
En route. Ready to engage.
Okay. Signal Tony to set up the blockade, and...
Excuse me, sir, but Mr. Stark isn't actually with the advance team right now.
Excuse me?
He said he had a conflicting engagement.
Chief... where the hell is Iron Man?
26-1

TOKYO.
A GALA IN HONOR OF SHINOBI SHAW.
...and I said, "No, Donald, that's billion with a "B"...
Excuse me, Mr. Stark. It's time.
If you don't mind me saying, sir...that woman seems to have rather inconveniently misplaced her ankles.
Two things, Jarvis...one, this year I'll be dating women who actually eat, and two, don't be offensive--it's a charity event.
Are my bags ready?
Waiting in the car, Mr. Stark.
And it's William.
Excuse me?
William, sir. My name is William.
...
Tell me, Jarvis...what exactly did the headhunter say when they told you I was looking for a new body man?
That you were looking for a replacement for your long-term assistant...that you were looking for a new Jarvis.
Well, that settles things, doesn't it? If I was looking for a William, I would have hired a William, wouldn't I?
Yes, I believe so, sir.
Excellent. Then to the car, my Jarvis.

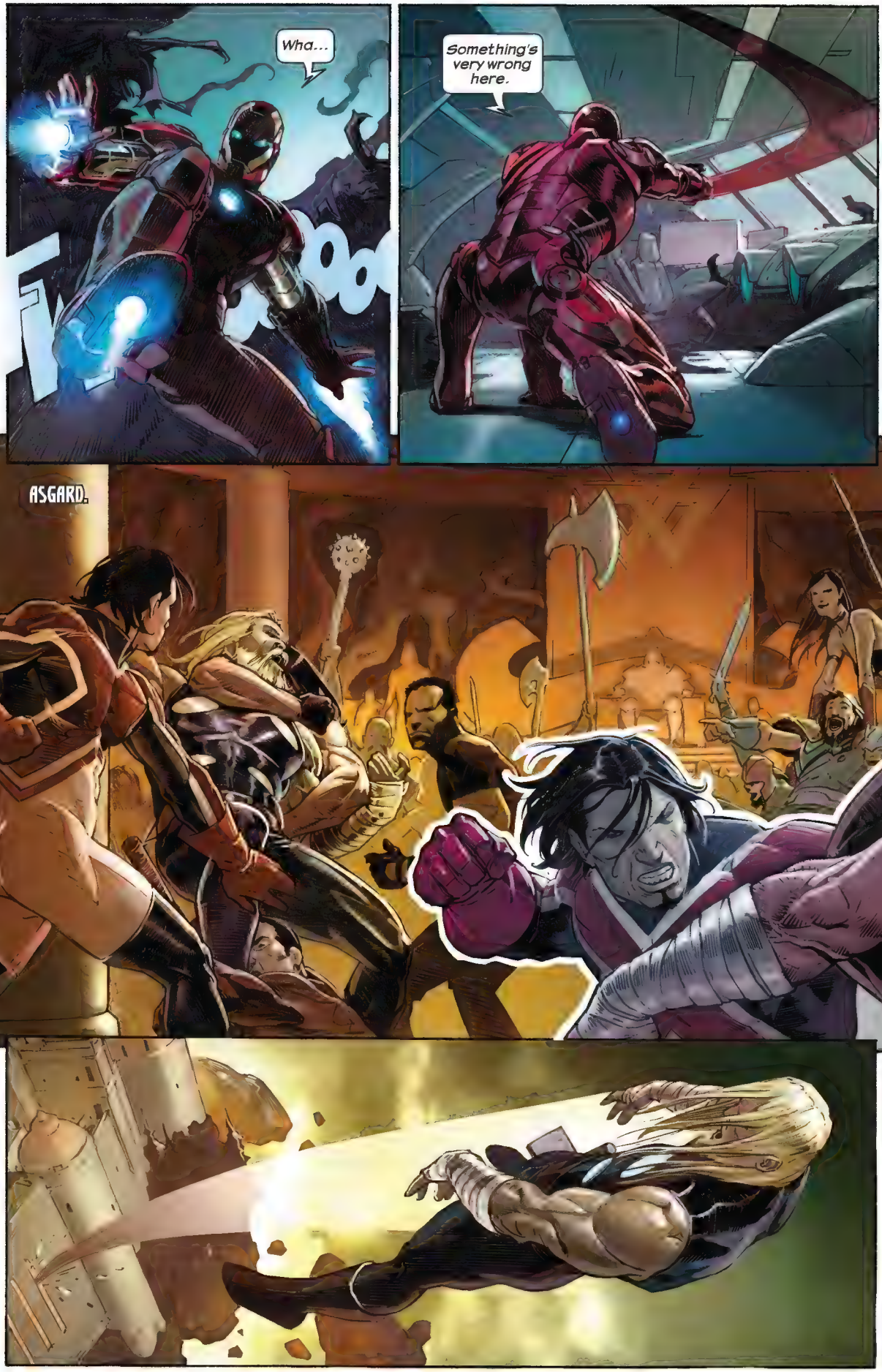
BE-DOOOP
Good morning, General...how did you sleep?
I dreamt of bayonets, gunpowder and fallen enemies.
How 'bout you?
Redheads, old boy...always redheads.
Where are you, Tony...
And how the hell are you going to get to where I need you to be in the next thirty seconds?
Oh, I'm just leaving a party in Japan and headed to my plane. As far as getting where you need me to be...
Nicky... I'm already there.
Uploading...
Remote access initiated.

Sorry for the holdup, boys...
BLEEP
BLEEP
BLEEP
Try not to hold it against me out there.
RRRRAAAA

Blockade established by a battle group of Rocketmen, General... Iron Man has control.
And Hawkeye has just landed at the SEAR Triskelion. We'll have him online in under two minutes.
What about Asgard?
The Excalibur team has arrived...
We're patched into EUSS remote access. I'm sorry, sir...the feed doesn't have audio.
...Belgians.
Put it on the big board.



We've got a team of Giant-Men and Reserves stationed at the European Triskelion... get them there before this gets out of hand.
Yes, sir... and I've got the President on the line.
The warships are getting ready to hit the blockade--this is about South America?
No, General...the SEAR.
And here comes the politics...
Put him through.
MONTEVIDEO.
They've got our range...
Let's see how they feel about a little hand-to-hand.
BRAM

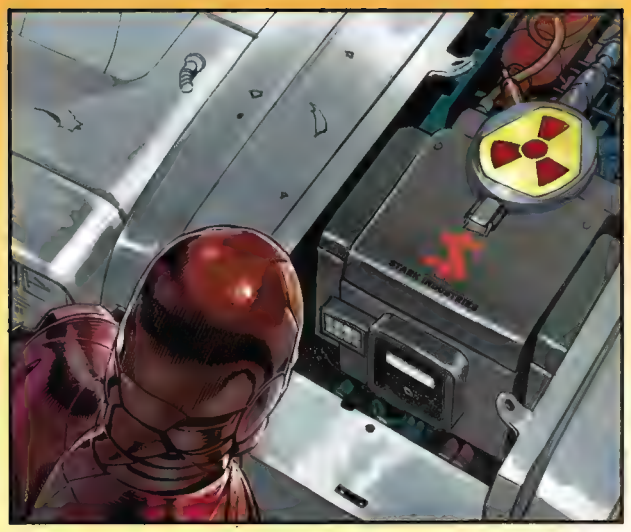

Wha...
Something's very wrong here.
ASGARD.

BOOM

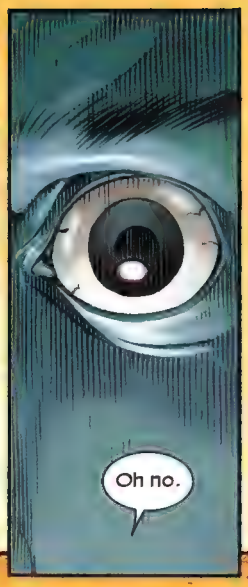
"Okay, Nick...our Helicarrier is being deployed.

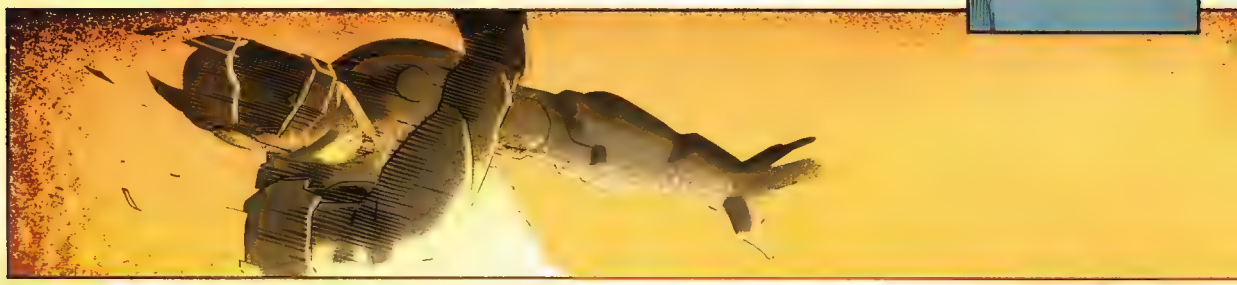
"It'll be in overwatch in five minutes."

Do you want to stay on the line for this?
FA BOOOOO
What the...
Yes, I...
Clint!
Clint!
Can we get him back?
No, sir. And we've lost the Helicarrier as well.
Proximity alerts were raised before we lost their signal--the SEAR Triskelion is most likely under attack, General.
Yes, sir.
Scramble the attack group out of Okinawa.
I've got an update from Iron Man.
TAK TAK TAK TAK TAK
Talk fast, Tony. We've got another situation we're dealing with here.
Nick, something is off here...I've got a ghost ship on a collision course with the coast, but the controls are protected by some kind of shielding.
This thing is making the hair on my neck stand up, but we don't have enough time to be cautious...what do you want me to do?
Open it. Carefully.
On it.
SKR

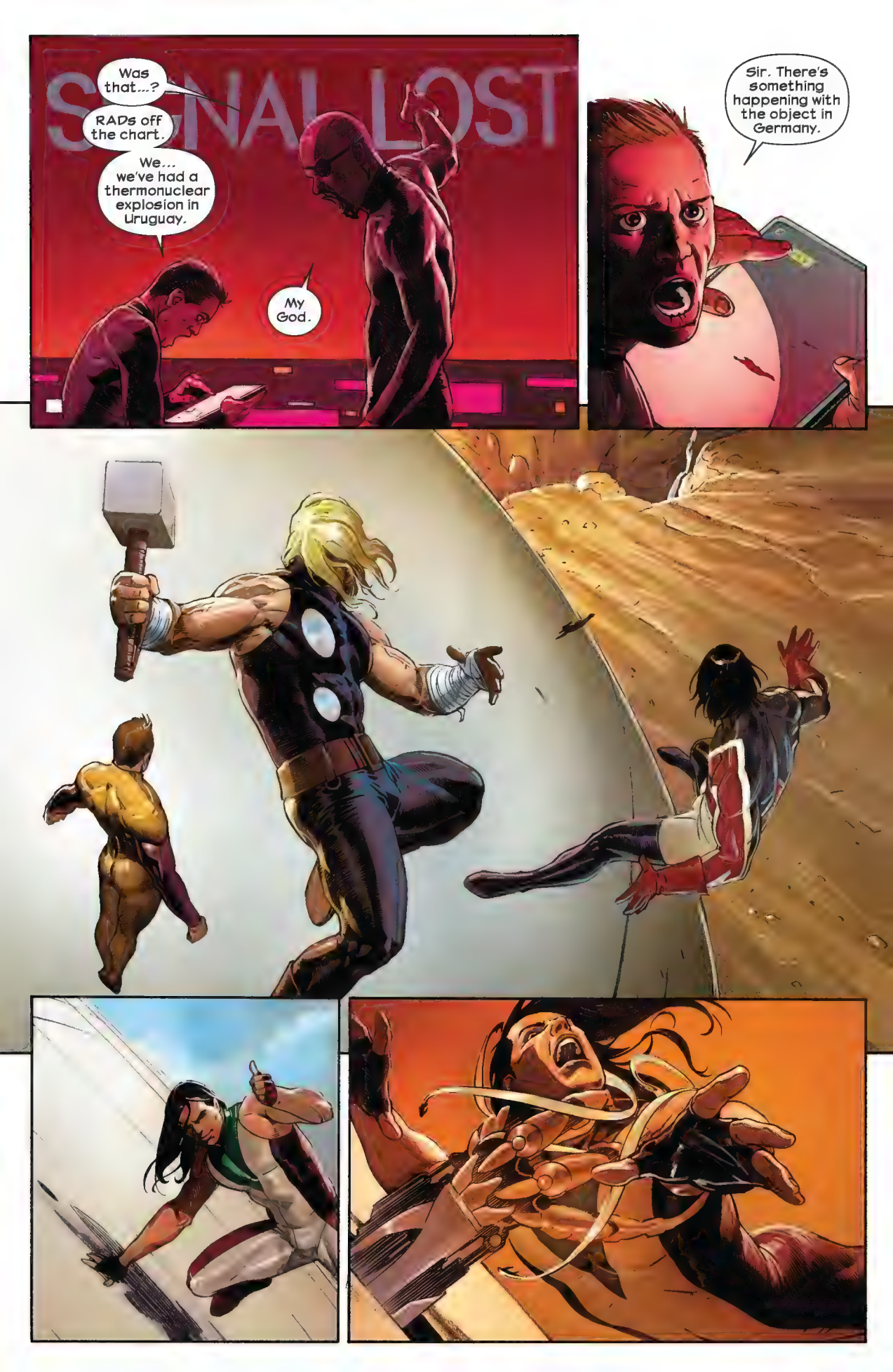

STARK INDUSTRIES

STARK INDUSTRIES


Oh no.



Mr. Stark?


SIGNAL LOST
Was that...?
RADs off the chart.
We... we've had a thermonuclear explosion in Uruguay.
My God.
Sir. There's something happening with the object in Germany.

We've just lost the EUSS feed as well.
It's that one thing you don't see coming...
Where are you, Steve? We need you.
NO SIGNAL!
NO SIGNAL
General, we've got Black Widow and Spider-Woman scrambling now...we also have the Hulk protocol available.
And, sir...
...The White House is also calling.
They want to know what you're going to do.
I don't know.
TO BE CONTINUED...

ULTIMATE COMICS™

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ISSUE 02

HICKMAN
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As the walls of the Dome began to build, Douglas Fermann took one last look up at the sky he would never see again.
In the Dome, time increased in relation to the world outside. Here, there would be centuries to build.
Which was good, as Douglas was a Builder. The very first.
Douglas and his wife, Sarah, were also the first to reproduce inside the Dome.
Derrim Fermann was the first of what the Maker called Tomorrow's Children. He became a Builder, like his father before him.
By the time Derrim had perfected the self-repairing architecture that would one day be the foundation of the City, his daughter, a Thinker, became the first to reject her family name.
Sarah II founded the School, which would be the foundation of the ideology known as the perfect mind.
From her genetic stock, Anton I--the first child manufactured in the Dome--was produced. He was an abomination, and quickly destroyed.

Emma IV was the third child created in the Dome. She was flawless, and became a Dynamo, powering the City.
Derrim VI was the last child created in the dome to be considered an individual.
'We are all born to do one thing. Be solely that,' was the School saying that over two generations transformed into the maxim: 'Be your name.'
So began naming and its reflected hierarchy: First Teacher, First Builder, Third Speaker, Second Advisor, Fourth Judge...
Derrim V became the Second Sword, protector of the City.
Long self-aware, nine hundred years into its existence, the City began to express desire.
As the Maker and his First Council listened, the City declared they must all grow and move beyond this place.
And so, five minutes after they had been constructed, the Third Builder brought down the walls of the Dome and the Children returned to the World-Out-There.
From within the City came a voice--the words of the First Speaker.
His message had been crafted by the one thousand years of progress within the Dome. They were perfect words, chosen by a perfect people.

This world is now ours.

TOKYO.
SKREEEEEEEE
Stop the car!

Plug this in!

C'mon. C'mon...
Is it ready?

Here.

Sorry, boss, this is gonna hurt.

ZZZAP
AARRRRGGG!
Sir?
...nasty bastards tried to do me with my own machine.
Yeah...
I'm okay.
Get us to the nearest hospital immediately!
I'll make a call to the embass--
Wait.
Business first.
Where's my other bag?
You sure you're up to this?
Oh, not quite, but I'll be having a drink on the way...

Pick me up in Paris.
RROOOMM
Where to now, sir?
Airport.
Is it always like this with him?
No idea.
This is my first day on the job.

OUTSIDE THE CITY.
AAAAAAARRRRGHHH!
Hmmmm.
Interesting... spliced DNA, increased bone density, gene-activated anti-gravity harness...
...this human has been enhanced.
They all have.
HO! Captain Britain deserves a much better effort than that!
Now I'm going to take this and stick it in your naughty bits.
RRRRIP

What do you think of that, you dirty bastard?
Rebuild.
Enhance.
$%£@!
Ah...I see. Systematic augmentation of an inherently deficient mechanism...
This human has genetic markers for lymphoma and heart disease, and will most likely develop Alzheimer's.
These are all flawed...
There's nothing we can use here.
VZZZZKK
Enough.
KRACK

KRA
TIT
POOM
WHAM

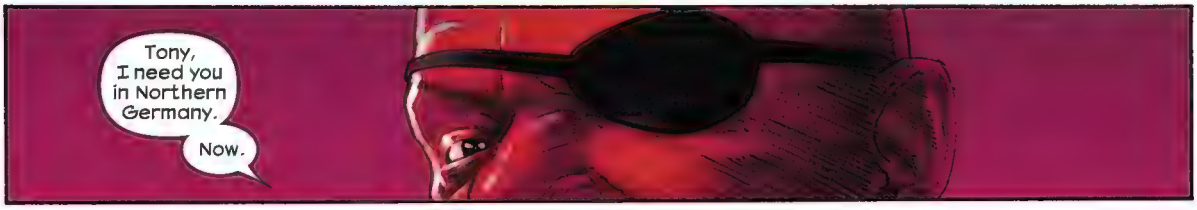
That one is different.
Now...
Who else here craves punishment?

THE TRISKELION.
NEW YORK CITY.
The Giant-Men and reserve strike teams from our European command will be airborne and en route in one minute.
Too slow.
Hawkeye?
Still no contact with the SEAR, General Fury.
What about Stark?
We're trying, but so far, nothing.
What do you want me to do?
-NO SIGNAL
Get.
Something.
Online.
General Fury! I've got Iron Man.
Put him through.

Tony...you okay?
What's your status?
Five minutes ago, I was dead.
Now, I'm not.
So...barely tolerable, Nicholas.
Where are you?
Mach 4 over the Ural Mountains. I'm en route to Paris...
I do believe my new friends in the Kratos Club tried to kill me.
How bad is it?

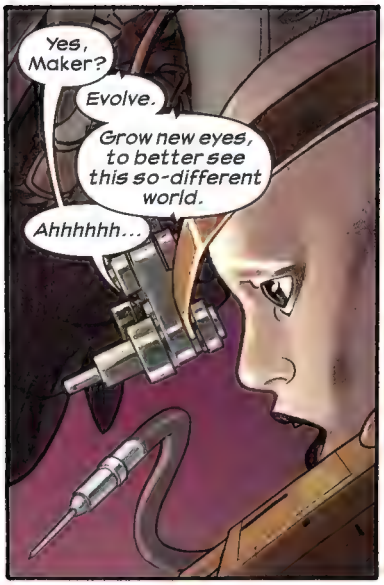
BEEP
BEEP
BEEP
"Dirty bomb. Montevideo is gone. Early estimates are three-hundred thousand dead... probably double that again in radiation sickness.
"It's grim."

Well, I'll start settling accounts on that very shortly.
Negative...
You're going to have a hard time believing this, but a low-yield nuclear detonation in Uruguay only ranks third on my "this #@$% is gonna kill you" list.
The entire South East Asian Republic is on fire and we've lost contact with our entire team there, including Hawkeye.
But even that isn't the worst of it...


Tony, I need you in Northern Germany.
Now.

Hold him still.
Unhand me, you--
YRK!
Ahhhhh.
Very different indeed.
Humantype, but there's something overlaid... beyond perception...
I need... greater wisdom.

A query for wisdom, Quorum.
Is something wrong, City?
No, First Builder, I grow at our desired rate of one kilometer per hour, but an anomaly has been encountered by the Sixth Geneticist.
Organic?
Yes, First Judge. Human...but not.
Show us.
Hmmmmm.
What is this? He's unlike any man--
Oh, that's no man...
One thousand years have passed, but I'd remember your face anywhere, son of thunder.
God. Defined as a supreme being, to be worshipped; a deity.
Maker... that's absurd.
Your whole experience has been here, in the City--a millennium inside the Dome.
I warned each of you before we dropped the walls... the world-out-there is wild and unforgiving.
Geneticist...
...it's a god.
His name...is Thor.



There. In the sky.

The tethering tunneling through space and time to always keep him connected.

There are two sources. One small--shape of a man, and one very large--a great tree.

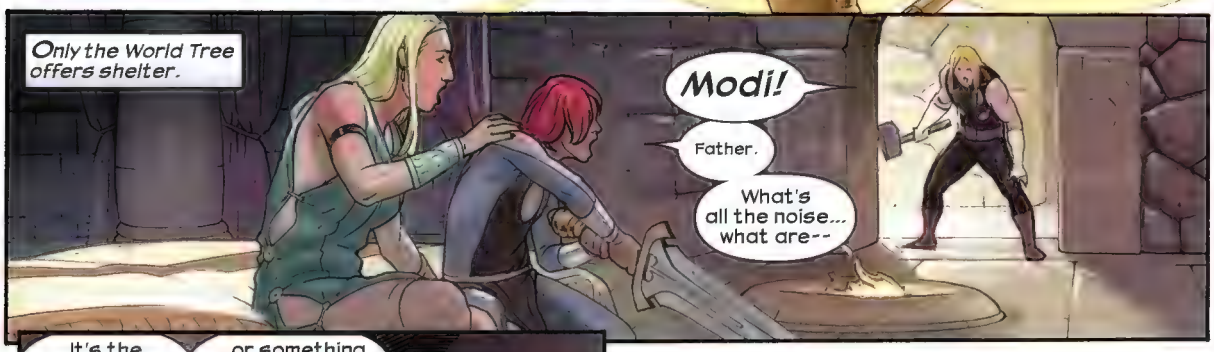
They make for Asgard, Thor...on your feet.
What do we do now?

Strike back!
Can't do it, Thor...
This...these Children...are too dangerous--we have to let the world know what's coming, mobilize, and then stick these bastards with the sharp end.
EUSS command?
Yes. And we'll alert SHIELD as well.
Captains... let's go.
I'm staying, Jamie...
Then you're a damn fool, Hugo...
Farewell.
You should go with them.
Il n'est rien de réel que le rêve et l'amour. Eh, Thor?
I'm no coward...
And if this is to be the end of all we know, let them say I stood here...
For France.
And for Asgard!
For the world.

ASGARD.
Father! We cannot stop them! We--
AHHHHHH!
Balder!
Thor! These creatures take. It's me they want--me...and Yggdrasil.
You must get there. Now!
Father, no!
Your brother Balder has already fallen...
From this storm, only the World Tree offers shelter.
Understand?
Go!

URK!
Secondary source contained...
Begin conversion.

AAIIIIIIIEEEEEEEEE!
Everything is ending.

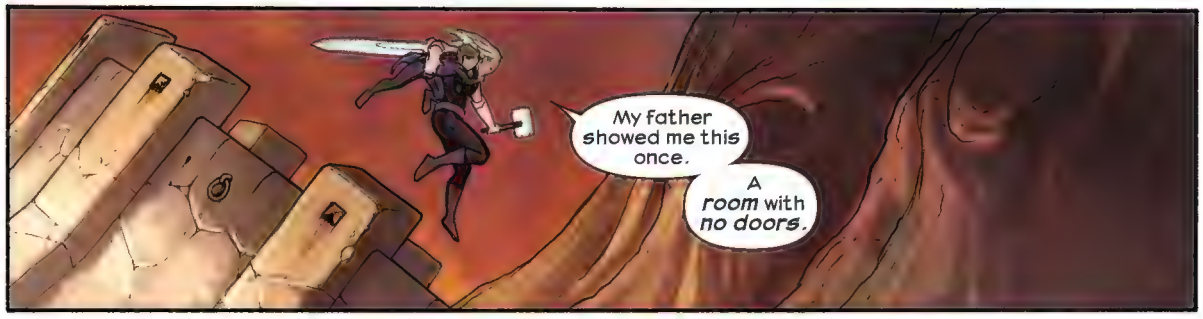

Only the World Tree offers shelter.
Modi!
Father.
What's all the noise... what are--

It's the last war. A new Ragnarok.
...or something worse, beyond my understanding.
But we have to go. Now!
Uffff!
No! Let go!
Mother!
Mistress Hela!

Stop! What are you doing, Thor?
He belongs to me. I won't--

I have no time for this, woman...

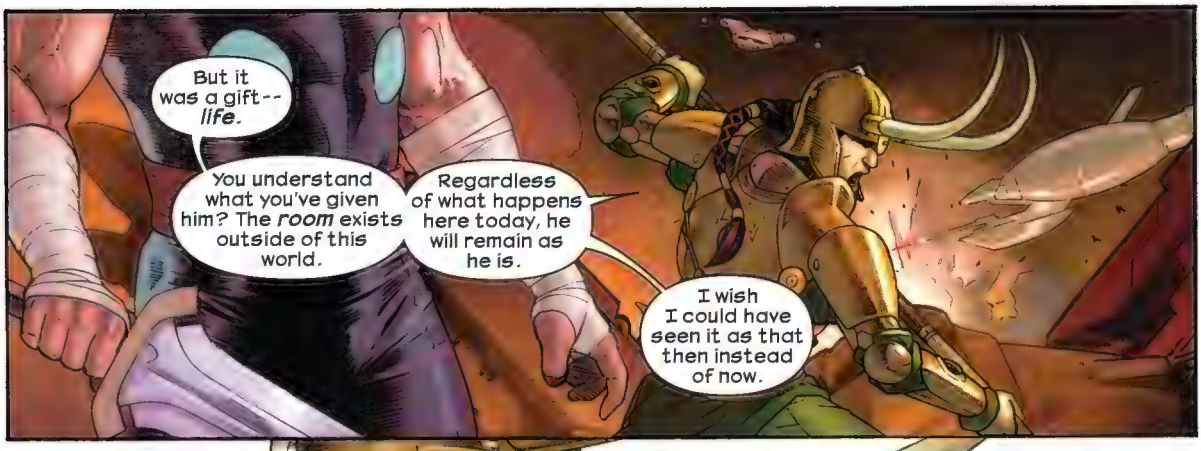
"I must get to the World Tree...I must get to Salvation."


My father showed me this once.
A *room* with *no doors*.

Father, *WHAT?*
Forgive me.

A way out, son...
For when you are *worthy*.

I thought it so cruel when father did that to me...


But it was a gift-- *life.*
You understand what you've given him? The *room* exists outside of this world.
Regardless of what happens here today, he will remain as he is.
I wish I could have seen it as that then instead of now.

So you have regrets, Loki?
Brother, I regret... *everything.*
To the very end.

RRRAARRRR!

This was the day.
The day the World Tree died and what was divine became ordinary.
When, like rain, dead gods fell from the sky.
It was the last day of myth.
It was the last day of legend.

I got you.
Gone... all gone...
I feel nothing.
It was the day the Children of Tomorrow killed all the gods.
And they were gone. Forever.
TO BE CONTINUED...

ULTIMATE COMICS™

THE ULTIMATES

ISSUE 03

MARVEL

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TWO DAYS AFTER THE FALL OF ASGARD.
Like most wealthy people, I have a habit of acquiring rare and...well, ridiculously expensive things...
Like them, I'm a collector.
I want to show you something.
In this vault, I store all the wonderful items I've secured over the years...
But unlike my fellow well-moneyed associates, it's not enough just to have these things, I have to tinker with them...
I have to make them... better.
Ah... here we go.

The original model was... *adequate*. When you were a man, it made you the most powerful super-soldier on the planet...
I've taken the design a good bit further than that.
Want to try it on?
You wish me to play at what I have been?
It...it is not possible...
I have been *broken*.
Well, that's just too damn bad.
Right now, the world needs a god of thunder. So Thor doesn't get to be *broken*...
He gets *rebuilt*.
Wear the burden best you can, old boy...
It's time to hit something.

ONE WEEK AFTER THE FALL OF ASGARD. THE WORLD. CONDITION: BLACK.
Hawkeye... anything?
Negative, Nick. We're blind.
Nothing bounces off the *City*--it's absorbing everything...LADAR, Sat feeds, drones... all useless.
Any word on the European advance team?
"Not since we lost the feed...I'd assume the worst.
"Which means we lost one team of Reserves and Giant-Men, along with the entirety of the European Defense Force."
They should have waited... coordinated with us.
Berlin and Munich had both been absorbed by the *City*...Warsaw and Brussels were getting ready to be...
They did exactly what you or I would have done, boss.
How else do you act when your world is falling apart? Hell, I watched Southeast Asia fall and returned home to all this...
If at the end of the race everyone dies, all they've done is beat us to the finish line by a couple hours. Speaking of...
We're approaching the perimeter of the *City*.
All right then, Clint...
Aim straight.

"Point us right towards the heart of it...
THE CITY.
"...with all the righteous anger we can muster."

"They've seen us.
"First responders taking to the air."
Then we will meet them there with steel and iron...
Hold up, Thor.
For now, you are all staying in my back pocket. A little surprise for these bastards when everything stops coming up aces.
...and what he's not telling you is if everything goes to hell, that hammer of yours is the only thing that can teleport everyone out of here.
A safe way home if we need it.
No. There's no going home empty-handed, Tony... today we win, or we do not.
Increase our speed, Clint--close the gap.
One hundred and ten percent, Nick...
Five minutes until we reach the center of...
Heads up...!
"They're Firing!"

Eagle Six, DOWN!
Eagle Eight, DOWN!
RETURN!
Fire!
Fire!
FIRE!
"Birds away!"

Feezk... did they...
did...
Scratch nothing, Spider-Woman. Zero damage to the enemy vessels.
Targets increasing velocity...
Closing... closing...and damn quick about it...
Definitely not aces, Nicky.
No it isn't...
Thor...
Iron Man...
"Put some doubt in their hearts."

Thor!
Wait up... you're going to get...
Wha...?
KLUNK
Urk!
They're still closing...
Not slowing down...
They're on top of us!
Oh, God...

Clear the bridge!
So fast...
But not fast enou--

BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
Well, well...
I see you're caught in a web.
Yeah. Let's just take it easy, Black Widow...
Okay... nice and easy...
Eas--
@#$%! They're gonna...

THUNK
THUNK
So, boss... back to the business at hand?
Uh-huh.
Status?
Eagle Ten is disabled and nonresponsive.
Clint...I believe it's time to let these @%#$s know we mean business.
Understood.
Warhead's armed! On your order.
Launch a nuke.

KRRRAM!

Aiiiiieee!
I can't make out...
I...
Damn.

Eagle Three...
It's just gone...
Prepare another salvo!

Eagle Twelve. GONE!
Arm the other warheads!
Arming.
Nick, are you...
Target the dome!
Prepare to fire EVERYTHING!
NICK-- We can't beat them.
We're bloody, but still breathing...
Straight line's just gonna get us all killed.
There's no win here.
Sound the retreat.
Let's go home.

Eagle One to Ops. Full retreat! I repeat, full retreat!
Time to jump us, Thor... Thor?
Thor?
Damn...
Tony!
A little busy, Hawkeye.
Yeah, sky's crowded everywhere, Tony. It's time to jump but Thor's not responding...

Ah... I see...
On it.

Hate to be a bother, Thor...but it's time to leave.
RRRRARR!
Go without me.
That's the thing...they can't.
This is not over.

Transporting the fleet...
"...Now!"

LATER.
THE WORLD.
CONDITION: BLACK.
Well?
Total calamity...it's a train wreck.
Assessment's ongoing, but one thing's for certain...it would have been a total disaster if you hadn't successfully jumped the fleet away.
Four helicarriers destroyed, two more docked indefinitely...over nine thousand men and women killed...
But, on the side of the angels, almost sixteen thousand live.
You saved them, Thor. *You saved us.*
A pack of hungry dogs are devouring the world... and we prolonged the inevitable with a bone.
In that light, do you really think saving anyone today mattered?
Well, I do like the looks of that pouty-looking MP on the bridge...so I appreciate you buying me some time there.
What?

You are an arrogant rake, Stark, and a formidable warrior...
A much better man than most.
I want you to promise me something.
Yeah?
When men speak of today, make sure they know that what follows wasn't grief or madness...but *fate*, and that I met her well.
Thor, what are you...
Wait! No, don't...
Anthony Stark...I have been honored to call you my friend...
...but I *will* have my vengeance.
Farewell...
NO!

"I will see you again in another life."
TO BE CONTINUED...

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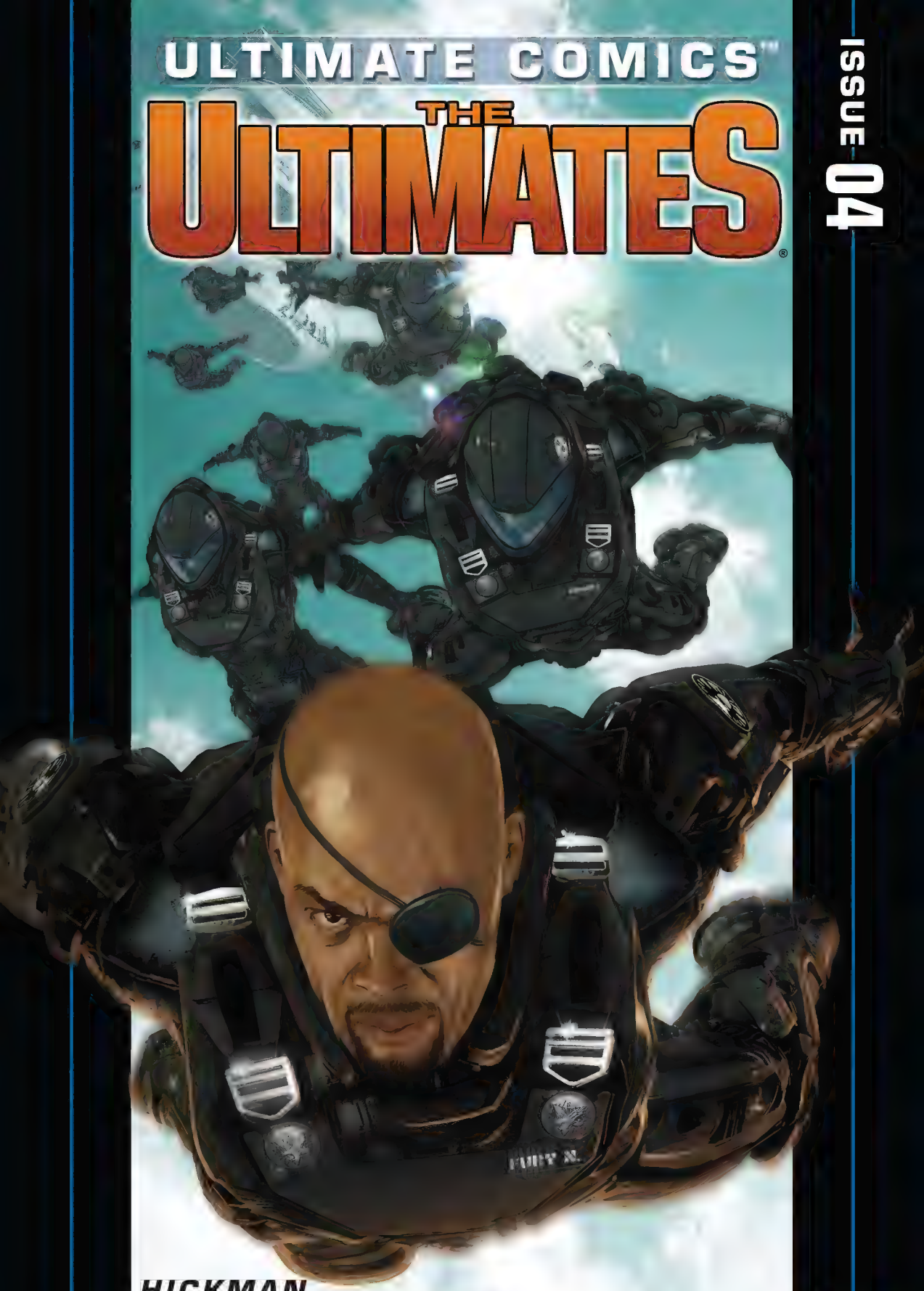
ISSUE 04



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WHITE

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THE CITY.
KZZZHAT
KZZZA
Empty?

THE DOME.

Quorum! Proximity Alert!

A potential contagion has entered the City.

Can you please identify?

Analyzing... Humantype. Male. Age...indeterminate. He approaches one of the Cribs.

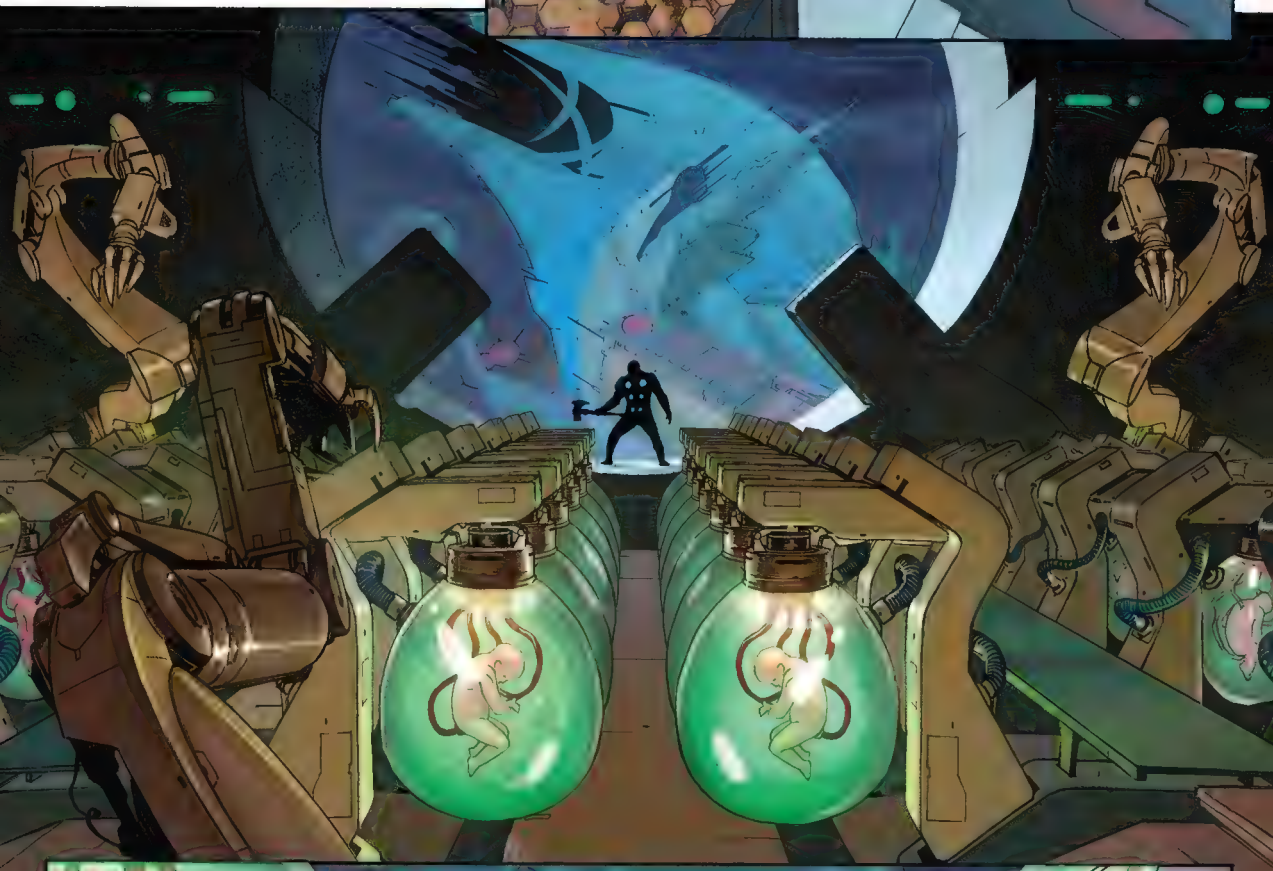
Recognize... recognize...

Quorum... we have seen this individual before...

Really?

Yes. This Humantype was designated by the Maker as: Thor.

Ah, well... we'll have to do something about this.



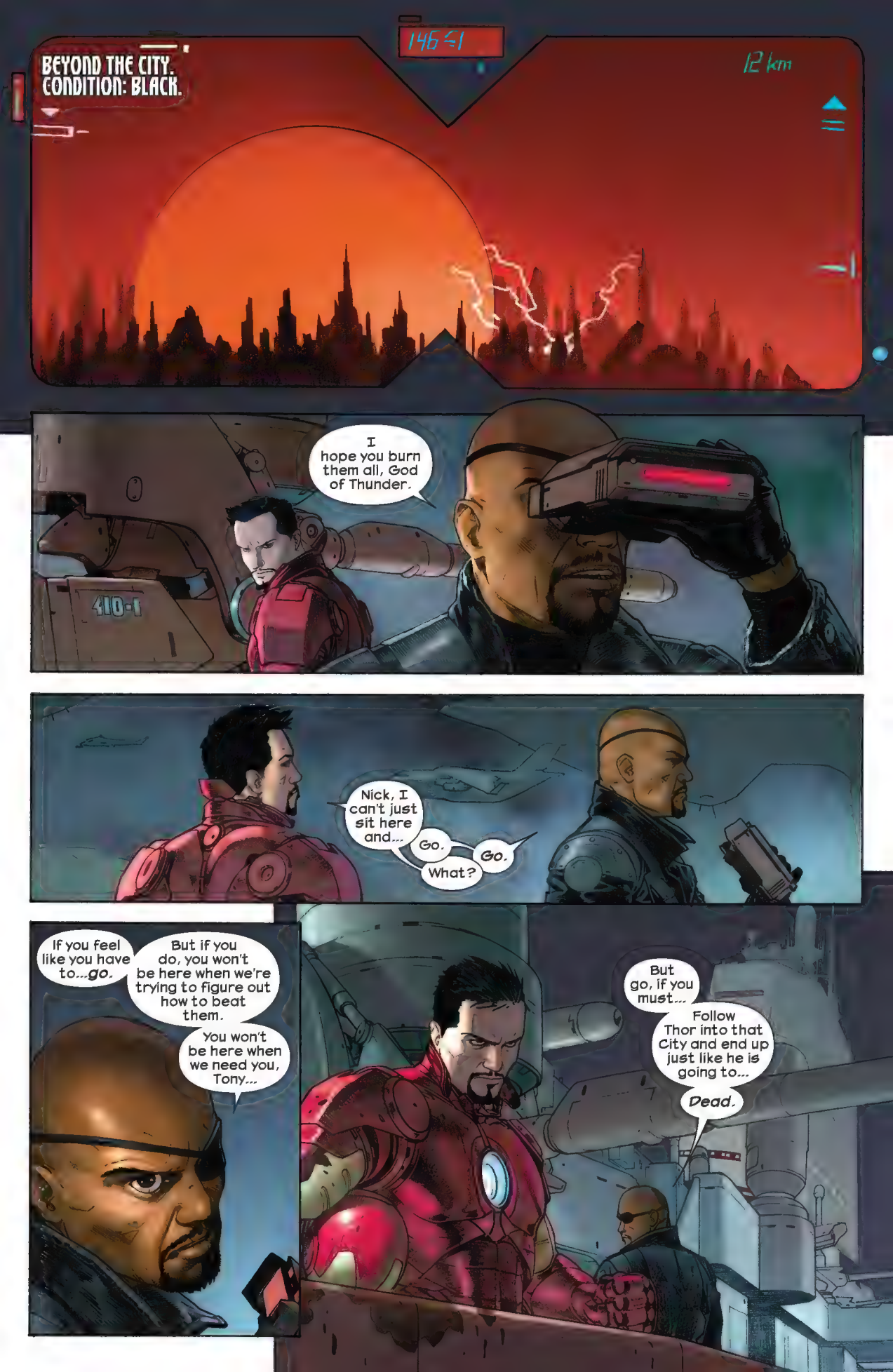
Please do not do that.

Tranquility, stranger. I mean you no harm, but it's unwise to overstimulate the Children. Developmentally, this is a very delicate time for them.
In vitro mathematics requires complete concentration.
Where are the others... what--*who*--are *you?*
Fourth Nurse. Caretaker of this Crib, reproduction unit 102...ah, and you are Humantype. Probably part of all the earlier fuss...*such regrettable waste.*
As for the others, beyond the newborn, I am all that is here...
Hmmmm... for a regressive, you are genetically exceptional.
I don't understand...
All this...you grow your own children?
We grow *perfect* Children. And these...*these* are *very special.*
See...we came from *the Dome,* but they will be the first Children of *the City.*
Their future is the stars...
Their *today*...was our *tomorrow.*
Now, you must leave... air purity, contaminants and all that...
Ahhhh, and if the City directory has updated properly, there are *captured* humantypes in that direction.
What?
Yes, yes... very exciting... maybe you can take them with you when you leave...
"...just head that way."
WOO-

No.
Captain Britain.
RAARR!!!

Concern yourself with wrecking things later, Jamie--your team is gone, you are hurt, so now you must leave. Can you fly your way out of here?
No. They disabled my suit somehow.
...Then I will take you.
A moment of your time before you leave, Thor.
Eh?
I need you to carry a message back to your keepers.

You are mistaken, stranger...I have no master...
And I am no man's courier.
Then consider it a favor...
For the man who tore Asgard from the sky.
I'm sorry, Jamie.
It appears we *will not* be leaving.
RRAAARRRR!


BEYOND THE CITY.
CONDITION: BLACK.
12 km
I hope you burn them all, God of Thunder.
410-1
Nick, I can't just sit here and...
Go.
Go.
What?
If you feel like you have to...go.
But if you do, you won't be here when we're trying to figure out how to beat them.
You won't be here when we need you, Tony...
But go, if you must...
Follow Thor into that City and end up just like he is going to...
Dead.

THE CITY.
Now.
Prepare to pay the price for what you have done.
Just like I remember...
First Knife, please show the man the future.

CRACK
THUD
URK!
ARGH!

Maker?
More.
BOFF
Again.
SMACK

Now...if I was a villain--*if I was evil*--I would have the Knife kill you, Thor...
Instead...I have *mercy*... mercy for the man who *will* be my messenger.
Call it, mercy for fond memories.
Raise your head, Lord of Thunder...*look at me.*
I want you to *see* my face.
You!
Yes. *Me.*
And here is the message you are going to carry back to Nick Fury and all the other heroes of the republic:
The City has reached its current potential--it has finished growing, and only *the Children* are welcome here.
All that we have claimed is now ours, *forever*... the rest we leave to you and the world.
Accept this for what it is and never return. It is *peace* and the best we have to offer.

Oh, and tell them, Thor...
I was right all along.
Thor!
They're--
Thor! We have to leave. Now.
Get away from me.
I won't let you give up.
I'm not giving up...I'm beaten.
I want you to get up.
No. It's all gone...Asgard, my kin...
I've lost everything. I can't...
Stand!
I won't!
On your feet, boy!

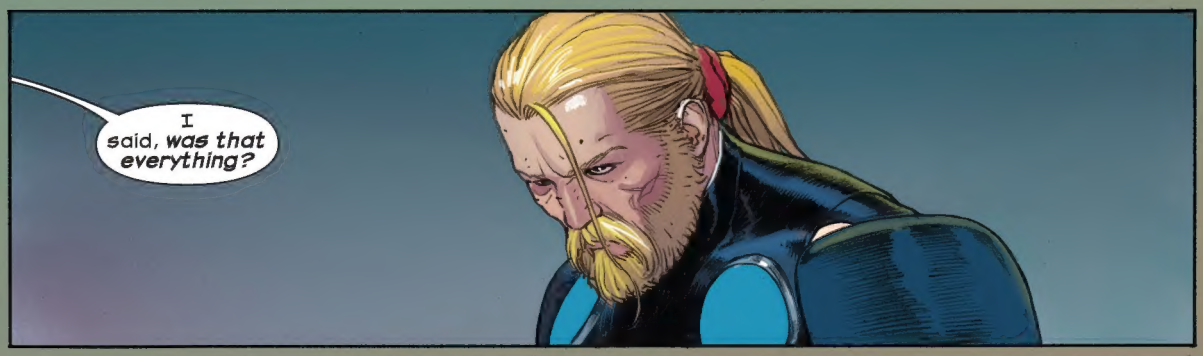
Father?
You disappoint me, Thor.
Have you forgotten...I gave this world to you...
To make it into something better.

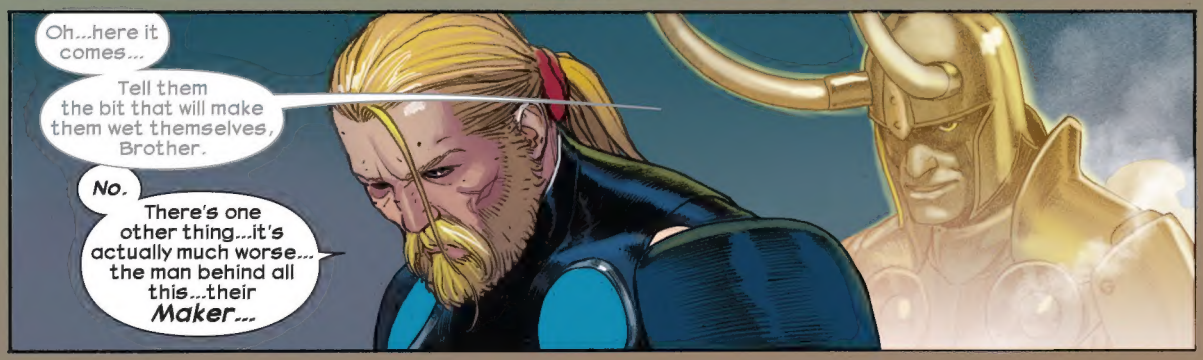
I remember, father.
Who are you talking to?
You died. Everyone died.
Yes.
And something in me died as well. I am...*less* than what I was.
God or man...*does it matter?*
Of Asgard, you are all that is left.
What do you want me to do, father?
Everything you *can*. Everything you *must*.
Make this world into what it should be...
Father... *I am alone!*
You ask the impossible.
Odin asks nothing of the kind!

And alone?
Ha! You will never be alone again, Thor.
It appears you have become Valhalla, my friend.

And as for what is possible and what is not...
Tell me...
Do you lack faith, Brother...
Or do you believe?

EPILOGUE.
And this warning...
You think they were sincere?
I believe it was. They could have killed me any time they wished.
They did not.
Don't cross them and they won't cross us?
They took two hundred square miles of northern Europe, killed countless civilians, destroyed the entire EDF and we're supposed to just walk away...
How am I going to sell something like that?
Because it's the truth?
Hrmph!
More like, because the other options are more frightening...
Was that everything, Thor?
Hmm?





"It's Reed Richards."

TO BE CONTINUED...